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HOMECOMING
ISSUE



15
Lehigh
REVIEW

20¢

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TEXAS RANCHER (above), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."

SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (left): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

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● ANEMIA

Beside me is a clipping from a Boston paper written by a columnist named Austen Lake, formerly of Lafayette. Under the heading "Pallid Edition of Old Lehigh Comes To Town" may be found such words as these:

"It cannot be that the Lehigh football team which comes to meet Boston University next Saturday is the same Lehigh I knew and bled against in the red, raw, man-mangling days at Lafayette before the war! . . . Pshaw! Compared with the hairy primitives which Coach Tom Keady used to catch in cages and train to walk upright; shaggy yokels from Pottsville's coal pockets, Reading's car foundries, and Allentown's boiler works, this Lehigh team is just a nice docile set of camp fire girls.

"I'll warrant not one of their current crew chews iron filings just for fun or scratches matches on his chin. How many can bite off a doorknob with a single snap of his jaws?"

Without mercy, Mr. Lake then goes on to call us still bigger sissies for traveling in Pullmans instead of box cars as in the "good 'ole days."

Well mebbe so; mebbe so.

Wonder what the gentleman would think if he knew that our flashy back, Dick Gowdy, is the man who does such lovely illustrating for the REVIEW, and that iron-man Sterngold is one of the only four in school taking Philosophy 109, "The Theory of Art and Beauty."

● YOU CAN'T WIN

It's an ill wind that blows no good; and vice versa, if it's possible to have an ill good that blows no wind. At any rate, rumors which have almost definitely been confirmed say that Aelfric James, Jr. '40 has over a 3.5 average (3.72 last semester) and is in the lowest fifth of his class in his course, engineering physics.

● VICIOUS RUMORS

It is partly curiosity that will draw us down to American University in Washington, D. C. the week-end after this is being written (November 4th). In case you haven't already read about it in the New York papers—it seems that the A. U. coach (a full blooded Indian, at that) told a local press man that he had a coed kick points after touchdowns. Sort of a variation on the female boatswain in that Florida crew—I think it was Miami or Rollins.

Of course it was a gag. But the pressman, being from

Passing in REVIEW



a Hearst paper, seemed to take it seriously and 400 other papers throughout the country jumped at the feature. NBC offered to pay her expenses for a trip to New York and a broadcast. Newsreel men dashed about looking for this mysterious, unnamed coed with the educated toe.

Eventually it occurred to someone that it was all a joke—or a trick. (Oh, you sly little newspaper men!) For once the face of the Hearst sheets was RED. In retaliation for their embarrassment, the papers issued an ultimatum. A girl must be produced this Saturday to kick the extra points, or A. U. would be banned from future, important publicity.

The administration has forbidden any attempt to satisfy the papers. But, in an informal vote, the student body resolved to get a girl and go through with it.

According to this detailed letter I got from an A. U. grad, for once the coach is hoping that his team doesn't score.

● MORE ON A. U.

There are a lot of quaint, soul-warming things about these small schools. We attended a game at this same place last year. In between halves, we were entertained by — of all things — an Olympic gymnast who went to A. U. and who twisted himself like so much taffy on horizontal bars placed on the fifty yard line.

A fine idea, that. Almost as entertaining as our 125 piece band and not nearly so expensive to clothe. But then, too, what do the boys do at A. U. to get out of M. S. and T.?

● A MATTER OF COURSE

Delia, a recent houseparty date, saw enough of Lehigh to believe one of our Board of Trustees might conceive of a "liberal" college's curriculum as follows:

Political Science: A survey of the nature of government with special attention to the errors of Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland and others. Seniors only. Three credits.

Political Science: The WPA as a career. (Special laboratory fee to cover shovels and red flags.) One credit.

Economics: The fundamental fallacy of living within income. Errors of working for a living. Required of all freshmen. Two credits.

Economics: Theory and practice of living off the Government. Seminar. Limited to advanced students.. Bring certificate from county leader or district chairman. Four credits.

History: Survey course in American history from its beginnings in 1933. All freshmen. Three credits.

History: World history from the discovery of the world by Lenin to the present. Seniors. Four credits.

Latin: No courses offered this year.

Mathematics: See Latin.

Science: See Mathematics.



INVINCIBLE LEHIGH

As Calculated by Harry Harchar, '39

LEHIGH'S days of starvation for football glory are over. Glance at the figures; see for yourself.

It seems that: Penn State beat Lehigh by 7 points, this makes Penn State 7 points better than Lehigh, in our way of viewing it. Cornell was seven better than State, making Cornell 14 better than Lehigh. Yale is 9 better than Cornell, making Yale 23 better than Lehigh. (Looks bad, but wait). Yale is 20 better than Penn. Lehigh therefore is only three worse than Penn. Penn is 7 better than Navy, leaving **Lehigh 4 better than Navy**. (Lehigh hits stride). Navy tied Harvard, so **Lehigh is 4 better than Harvard**. Harvard beat Princeton 34-6, making **Lehigh 32 better than Princeton**.

And just to show that Lehigh can beat Cornell: Cornell is .13 better than Princeton, therefore **Lehigh is 19 better than Cornell**. Cornell is 7 better than State, making **Lehigh 26 better than State**. This is a pretty good score, but a Lehigh team of

Balliet, Coates, Warriner, and "Cigarash-flicker-off-on-his-collar-bone" Rafferty once beat Penn State (school for farmer boys) 106 to 0.



State is 26 better than Gettysburg, **Lehigh is 52 better than G-Berg**; Lafayette is 2 better than G-Berg, **Lehigh is therefore 50 better than Lafayette**; Lafayette is 13 better than

N. Y. U. N. Y. U. is 4 better than Carnegie Tech, **Lehigh is 67 better than Tech**. Tech is 2 over Notre Dame, making **Lehigh 69 better than Notre Dame**. Notre Dame is 2 better than Navy, **Lehigh is 71 better than Navy**, and that is better than the time "Pat" Pazzetti, "Woops" Bianco, "Austy" Tate, "Sawt" Sawtelle, Harry Crichton, "Bunny" Ackerly, Jim Keady, "Tubby" Hauser, "Hefty Bill" Bailey, and "Doc" Wylie beat Navy 14-10.

Notre Dame beat Minnesota 7-6, making **Lehigh 70 better than Minnesota**. Minnesota is 33 better than Michigan, **Lehigh is 103 better than Michigan**. Northwestern is 7 better than Michigan, **Lehigh is 96 better than Northwestern**. Purdue is 7 better than Northwestern, so **Lehigh is 89 better than Purdue**. Hi-Ya, "Harmie." Ohio is 13 better than Purdue, **Lehigh is 76 better than Ohio**, Ohio is 14 better than Texas Christian, **Lehigh is thusly 90 better than T. C.** Baylor is 6 better than Texas Christian, so **Lehigh is 84 better than Baylor**.

And going back a few games, Le-

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November, 1937

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Cover by Williamson; posed by Miss Lucille Beidenbach, Harry Milbank, and Jack Bryan.
Illustrations and incidentals by Bernard, Boyle, Gowdy, Guggenheim, Harchar, Lewis, Stoumen, Steiner, Malloy.

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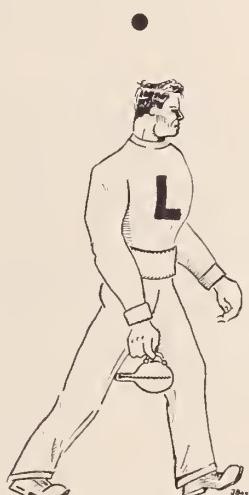
ARROW

FORMAL WEAR TO HIRE

high is 96 better than Northwestern, Northwestern is 3 better than Wisconsin, **Lehigh** is 104 better than Wisconsin. Boy, what a game! Pitt is 21 better than Wisconsin, Fordham tied Pitt making **Lehigh** 83 better than Fordham. Fordham is 66 better than F. & M. **Lehigh** is 149 better than F. & M. Lafayette beat F. & M. 14-0 making **LEHIGH** 135 **POINTS BETTER THAN LAFAYETTE.**

What more could any Lehigh man want? After all, this is better than Capt. "Ty" Halstead, "Buckie" MacDonald, "Mac" Maginnis, Bill McCarthy, and "Swede" Johnson could do in 1919 when they beat Lafayette 78-0.

On to the Rose Bowl.

**FOUR LINE FANCIES**
by
Joe Boyle '39

"The egg is hard,
The coffee's cold,
Oh, skip it dear;
I'm getting old."

It doesn't always pay to advertise;
As will agree the rattlesnake unwise,
Who for the favor of his warning,
Died this morning.

Anger is a storm at sea,
That after it has passed away,
Finds broken on the shore next day,
The remnants of a ship.

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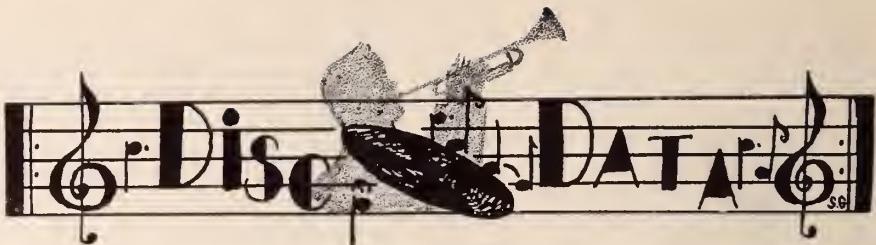
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By Bill Gottlieb

Victor set aside a good part of last month for a special Tommy Dorsey week, which puts him in about the same class with fire prevention, bread, and everything else that has a special week to itself. As a matter of fact, Dorsey deserves the plug. In the past year he has risen to number one position among the Victor best sellers, partly because of some disagreements with that company and Goodman (hence, few of Benny's recordings were issued), but mostly because of Tommy's own merit. His fascinating arrangements of old classics have turned the numbers into new classics and his *Marie—Song of India* platter remains the highlight of the year.

During Dorsey week, only records by the trombonist were issued by Victor; and although all were good, listening to them all became a monotonous task. Outstanding is another of his super-super arranged revivals, *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* and *Night And Day*. The very last trombone break of *Night and Day* is as brilliant a bit of hot phrasing I've ever heard. Bud Freeman's sax is particularly rich and inventive on the



"It Only Plays Dorsey . . ."

other side. Next best is Who (with the chorus) and *Dipsy Doodle*, by that new, sensational arranger and composer, Larry Clinton (*Let 'er Go*, *Whoa Babe*, *Study In Brown*, etc.) Also in the running: *If It's The Last Thing I Do* and *Just Once In Awhile*; *In The Still Of The Night*

and *Who Knows*; *Tears In My Heart* and *The Lady Is A Tramp*; *The Man In The Moon Is A Coon* and *Josephine* (Don't miss Jack Leonard here.); *An Old Flame Never Dies* and *If You Were Someone Else*; *Moanin' In The Mornin'* and *Down With Love*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It* and *You're A Sweetheart*; *In A Mission By The Sea* and *Getting Some Fun Out Of Life* . . . Whewww!

All this is fine stuff; but for the best piece of real music for the month, give me Count Basie's *Good Morning Blues* (Decca). Basie's has been the most discussed orchestra in hot jazz circles ever since it was discovered in Kansas City about a year ago. Even before it was actually heard, extreme superlatives were passed around about its merits. But when it finally came East to one nighters, radio and records, it was discovered to have a truly great rhythm section—the nucleus of the old, once great, Benny Moten band. But the saxes and brasses were either out of time or out of tune, or both.

Finally they have made their perfect record, a masterpiece of modernized Blues. The Count's piano is forceful and different from any other in the business. James Rushing's peculiar forced vocal technique seems to be made to fit the song.

A lull hit the production of Master and Variety records pending a "consolidation" of these Mills enterprises with the American Record Co. who will now issue Masters and Varieties under the Brunswick and Vocalion seals.

The presentation of numerous musical artists like Harold Bauer and the constant use of the chapel's "College Music Series" corroborate the increase in collegiate Red Seal sales in indicating a regrowth in undergraduate interest in the more "classic" music forms. Of the many albums issued this month by Victor, Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra's recording of

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Moussorgsky's sad, yet tender, Boris Godonnow is outstanding. Involved technical improvements by Mr. Stokowski give this recording remarkable clarity of tone and proper balance among the various sections of his huge unit.

BRIEFS

GLEN GRAY (Decca) *Smoke Dreams* and *Always*. The latest in a series of revivals of numbers made famous by the Casa Loma band some years back. *Smoke Dreams*, as you probably know, is the orchestra's theme song. The slower tempo of this side seemed to fit the mood of the band on this recording date better than the faster (and rougher) *Always*.

THE SYMPOSIUM OF SWING (Victor) In case you haven't already heard the album issued during the summer by the studios leading swing dispensers (Goodman, Waller, Dorsey,



Goodman — His Toms - Toms
Cause Some Doubts.

Berigan), don't fail to get at least one hearing. Some rave about it, especially the tom-tom of Krupa in *Sing, Sing, Sing*. Others are greatly disappointed, especially by the same tom-tom. I ain't sayin'.

BERT AMBROSE (Decca) *Twilight In Turkey* and *Caravan* I hear that Ambrose's ace arranger, Sid Phillips, has left his band and hopes to come to America. Good for us. Bad for Ambrose. Maybe that's why he's been able to take the two most remarkable songs of the year and absolutely slaughter them with stiff, cumbersome treatments. At best anything but relaxed, Phillips was at

continued on page twenty-six

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NOBODY THERE SAW KELLY

A FOOTBALL
INOPPORTUNIST'S STORY
By
JOHN KELLY

"And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting . . ."
Poe.

WAS a shy sensitive youth as a boy. I loved athletics as does every normal youngster, and like every Kelly (whether spelled with one "e" or two), football was my first love. I loved it as a game—a game where I sometimes got a bloody nose (and when I got a bloody nose there was plenty of carnage; see illustrations), ripped my shirt, cut my leg, or did any number of things which amounted to nothing really, but which I thought at the time momentous.

If you wanted to play with the big fellows you played center because no one with any self-respect would play that position. Center entailed squatting over the ball and throwing it to the right man. It seemed simple enough, but it wasn't.

Since each play was made up in the huddle, every one was a new one or a variation of an old one, and some of our quarterbacks had fertile imaginations. I'll never forget "Satchelmouth" Klanigan's hidden ball play. It worked like this. At center, I buried my nose in the turf between my heels, stretched my arms far out between my legs with my hands gripping the ball, and waited for the signal. When it came I snapped the ball, with terrific velocity, in a perfect vertical spiral. A decoy receiver faked a catch and ran around right end with the pack after him. By this time my vertical pass had begun to return to earth, and "Satchelmouth," whose father owns a spaghetti factory, walked under it, yawned widely, and ambled leisurely to the goal line, unmolested by the thoroughly confused enemy.

Another specialty of our sandlot eleven was the signal. The element of surprise played a great part in the success of our attack, and much emphasis was put on the effort to catch the other team off guard. The



Stoumen

Our hero rehearsing a dance routine for a forthcoming "Mustard and Cheese" musical.

signal might be the third number with a three in it, the second number with two digits, or the telephone number of the morgue. One of our sweetest plays off signal was on the memorable Saturday afternoon when we played the Coke Work Killers. The toughies were all keyed up and raring to go, and we were in as weak a position as we ever had been. Slats Murphy had a broken head from where he got kicked in our game with the Wharf Rats, and the team's only brass knuckles had been pawned by the captain. Well, as center, I called our famous thousand and one play. I got down into position and the receiver started to call off numbers—one . . . two . . . three . . . four. He called and called all the

way up to a thousand and one, and when I passed him the ball he tiptoed delicately through the somnolent ranks of our opponents, being careful not to awaken them. Surprise, the keynote of football success.

Defensively, the center, always the poorest player on the team, made fierce faces at the other side, threw the ball back, and stepped discreetly behind one of the big tackles or guards at the first sign of a charging opponent. Nevertheless, it sometimes transpired that I wasn't quick enough to dodge, and someone bumped me. Hence the bloody nose or the limp limb—at the time a very unpleasant sensation, but in retrospect a glory not to be easily forgotten. Showing a bump on the shin to my parents or my best girl was a never-ending joy. Mother expressed fears for the safety of my bones; father told me of the numerous bruises he received in battles of his hale and hearty youth, and showed me some body scars which he swears he got in a Harvard-Navy game in '01, but which I know damn well he got when he was kicked by our mule Rosie. My best girl became suddenly solicitous,



Stoumen
A typical action shot — this is the way opponents are accustomed to seeing Kelly as another touchdown is scored.

and I learned then and there how to make the fair maiden's heart flutter by merely affecting a heroic hobble. I received all comments with a superior smile and an inward determination to collect a real injury in the next game—said determination promptly giving way at the sight of Butch Carleson or Spike Romonoski coming at me full tilt on the following Saturday.

With adolescence came growth and confidence, and I soon began to realize how good I was. I learned to spiral the center pass (though I've known coaches who thought not), I ventured a tackle or two and found out how gratifying it was to bring someone to earth without permanent injury to myself.

Nothing in life compares with the satisfaction derived from a really solid tackle. When one's shoulder meets the mid-section of an opponent, one feels the superior of God and man. The sensation of his flesh giving and his grunt as he comes to earth is a just reward for the effort expended and a consummation devoutly to be wished. There is no balm like it in Gilead. Moreover one's opponent was often the love interest of one's temporary lady of the moment, and the crunch of the rat's flesh on bone was incense and myrrh. Sadist? Well, perhaps. I can, indeed, recall that on one occasion during my fourth year a sparrow perched on my crib, and I caught the feathered flower, inserted its wriggling and squeaking head in my mouth, and bit it off. I don't remember the incident very distinctly, but my partiality to the color red does definitely date from that incident. Since then I have also had a weakness for ruby Port.

In the papers I began to read about Ben Tichnor and sundry other roving centers, and I began to assume my deserved importance. I moved out of the line and took my place in the backfield as a worthwhile unit of the defense. In the game against Podunk Center I intercepted a pass behind my own goal posts, tucked the ball under my jersey, ripped up the goal posts by the roots, and carrying them before me as a battering ram, I ran the full length of the field for a touchdown. Five of the opponents suffered fractured skulls in that celebrated run, five lost either eyes, a full set of teeth or an arm, and the eleventh man got scared and ran home. We won that game, and thereafter a berth on a college team was imperative.

Having entered high school at an early age, being naturally precocious, I was out before I could play any football there. I kept my hand in by playing with any team which happened to need a really good man. In that way I spent my time until the Community League was founded.

In Stamford, Connecticut, my home

town, there are four suburbs—Glenbrook, Belltown, Springdale, and Turn-of-River. There were teams in each of the towns, but the best players were spread among many different teams. A local newspaper organized a league and offered a cup to the winning team. Living in Glenbrook, I logically enough went out for that team, and in the course of a few years the Glenbrook eleven was notoriously known—largely, I must admit, because of my spectacular playing. Former college stars were hired to coach the ball clubs, and we learned a lot.

Living so close together, everyone in the town knew everyone else, and friendships of many years standing were broken up over the games. And not only among the players. Irate parents were at each other's throats throughout the season, and although no cases of shooting were reported, knifing was commonplace. Sedate matrons were seen rolling around the ground, with nails bared and clothes in disarray. Johnnie Jones' mother remarked that Bob Smith was a "dirty little skunk" in Mrs. Smith's presence, and Jasper Leavit's attempted assault and battery upon the father of Luigi Populus.

After three years with the Glenbrook Blue Devils where the fundamentals of blocking, tackling and football strategy were instilled in me, I entered college. Studies of course came first, but football was one thing in which I had to make good.

Freshman football was great fun, and I had a fairly successful season. I cordially hated my rival for the center position, a lad from Newark named Famighetti. I used to lie awake nights planning ways to cut his throat or stick a knife in his back without being caught. Now I room with him, but he doesn't know how close he came to being done in by foul play. I even drew a bead on him in the armory one day, but the gun wasn't loaded. I never could learn how to work the damned thing anyway.

The season ended, I busied myself with other things and dreamed about the day that the band would strike

up a rousing tune and I would dash out in my silk pants to give my all for alma mammy. I dug ditches all summer to keep in shape and earn a few dollars, and told all the boys to watch the papers.

All this time I never doubted that I would make the team. Hadn't I played with the frosh. It was simply a matter of walking up to Harmeson and saying, "Here I am, Coach. Who are the other ten lucky fellows?"

Disillusionment was not long in coming. Other men than I caught the eye of the coach. I was amazed at the coach's blindness, but never despaired



Shy, sensitive Johnnie getting some early training for sitting on benches.

that he would eventually see the light. Days became weeks, weeks months. When the season finally drew to a close all I had to show for it were a number of callouses on the nether part of my abdomen. I had to face the facts; I was a scrub.

The scrubs are a happy-go-lucky group. Outsiders have no idea of the fun that we scrubs have. Castigation of one's rivals, and especially one's luckier rivals who have made the team is an art. Any artist takes pride in his work, and when we scrubs got together and started to tear into the first team we really got off some gems of rhetorical invective. I have heard first team tackles described as lillies, and first team quarterbacks described as pinheads, dopes, morons, boneheads, nitwits, boobs, g o o f s, simps, imbeciles, idiots, or a thousand and one less flattering and more biological epithets.

When one of the aforementioned first team did do something worthy of praise his substitute could always find something wrong with the job. And oh boy, just let a first team man

**EGO**

My will is like that of the
Mighty seas that beat unyielding
Shores. The sea says:
"I have a mind, my soul,
My life to guide."

But the wind blows
And the breakers rise,
And when the wind no longer deigns to
Play, the waves
Subside.

Poems By
Walter H. Vogelsberg, '41

Decorations By
Stanford Guggenheim, '39

**PERHAPS**

The poet writes:—
"I am the master of my fate'
My soul, my life, are mine,
And mine alone to guide about the universe
And make my way;
I take the wheel, the given charts;
The course, my choice alone;" —
And yet the journey has its end,
And was begun.



The Boys Ran to Stripes in the
"Roaring Eighties"

An Eating Club of the Late Eighties —
The "Ace of Clubs"

THEM WERE THE DAYS



Class of 1901 as Freshmen



Mendoza '90 and Simpson '91
Tuning Up for a Serenade

Old Isaac Was Called on
to Finance Student
Emergencies

Photos from
Alumni Bulletin



Dramatic director Brewster Morgan prepares a program of Shakespeare for the Columbia Broadcasting Company's summer series.

That's Leslie Howard and Rosalind Russel on either side of Musical Director Victor Bay.

Narrator Conway Tearle is at the left. Burgess Meredith is at the right of the group of three. A Hamlet in grey slacks.

is not good radio material. The play, frankly, was boring and did not hold my attention for the reasons given above and for others that will be mentioned later.

On the other hand, some of these plays benefited by the reduction of the playing time. As You Like It, which was performed delightfully, and Twelfth Night were improved. The bombast of some of the speeches was removed, and the feeble plots seemed stronger through the curtailment of the lines. After all, neither play has a very fine plot—at least, not in the eyes of the modern person. The mistaken identity conception of humor, which was by no means original with Shakespeare, has been practically discarded because of the desire for realism, clever repartee à la Wilde, and the fact that it has become a hackneyed form. Both plays depend upon errors in identity, and consequently have lost some of their appeal. Fortunately, in the radio presentation, the ludicrous love affair of Rosalind and Orlando did not occupy the prominent position it holds in the play; and Viola's masquerade as a young man was practically subordinated to the engrossing antics of Sir Toby Belch, Malvolio, and Maria. I think the adapter is to be highly

SHAKESPEARE GETS AN AIRING

ALTHOUGH it is not my personal desire, I have come to the conclusion that Shakespeare on the radio is not very satisfactory and that his plays are difficult to adapt and not sufficiently entertaining for the radio audience. The limitations of radio, in some cases, are too great for effective presentation of his works, even though great care was exercised in the productions. I make these assertions frankly and sincerely; and I am a lover of drama, an ardent student of Shakespeare, and a sympathetic supporter of drama through the medium of radio. But in a sense of judicial fairness, I was led to this conclusion after careful consideration and analysis of the cycle.

Condensation

There are some reasons for making this frank and blunt assertion. For one thing, the time limitation of radio, necessitated by a strict time schedule, requires a five hour play to be condensed into a complete drama suitable for a one hour performance. The

condensation, of course, must be such that it retains the basic plot, the most beautiful passages, and enough of the story to give it coherency. Unquestionably, the adapter was asked to do a lot. The effectiveness of the plays as vehicles for radio depended upon the skill of the adapter, and his adaptations had different effects upon the various plays presented during the course of the cycle. King Lear, for example, suffered from the omission of the important sub-plot of Edmund and Edgar, and every true lover of Shakespeare missed the intrigues and eventual pathos of that story. However, I agree with the adapter that this minor plot is overstressed and is given too much space by the playwright, but the bare outline of the plot forms a very interesting story. Besides, the denouement of the play is inextricably linked with Edmund, Edgar, and the Duke of Gloucester. In my opinion, in view of the limitations of radio and other defects which prove the play's unsuitability for broadcasting, Lear

EDWIN MILLER '40

staff writer of the REVIEW, presents his paper which won the \$250 award given by the Columbia Broadcasting System for the best criticism on its pioneering cycle of Shakespearian plays through the radio medium. The cycle was given this summer and the contest was open to summer school students throughout the United States. The judges' list included such luminaries as Major Bowes, vice president of the Shakespearean Association of America; Burns Mantle, the dramatic critic; Cloyd Marvin, president of George Washington University; and our own Robert Smith, head of the department of English.

commended for his method of presenting As You Like It and Twelfth Night. Neither play, I feel, merits a three or four hour performance, and

both plays are well suited to radio presentation. *Henry IV* may also be placed in the same category, for it emphasized the humor of Falstaff, which is the only thing about the play that is worthy of mention. *Much Ado About Nothing* was not harmed by its radio adaptation either, but only by the selection of Leslie Howard for the role of Benedict. (He, in the opinion of many Shakespearean lovers, is temperamentally and artistically incompetent for the portrayal of the Bard's characters.) The play itself, however, was shortened considerably in Columbia's production, and the none too subtle plot was abetted by the use of the shears.

Some of the other plays were not affected in either way. *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar* were sufficiently complete, but, naturally, the Bard's admirers would have enjoyed longer versions of the two plays. In short, then, condensation weakened one play considerably, improved some of the others, and made little difference in the case of two others.

Narration

Radio has made the position of the narrator an exalted one in many cases, and he, as some one has pointed out, has the same function as the chorus in the ancient Greek plays. In the presentation of the Shakespearean repertoire on the radio, the narrator took his play as an integral part of the venture out of sheer necessity. The condensed plays made it essential to have some one set the stage and, more important, bridge the gaps caused by the adaptations; and that person was logically the narrator. But this question arose in regard to the narration: to what extent can explanatory material be inserted without destroying dramatic illusions? Too frequent interruptions of the action for the purpose of explanation shatters the mental pictures that the listener has of the characters and of the setting. On this ground, I rule out *Lear* as a vehicle suited to radio, for the narrator repeatedly interpolated remarks explaining to whom the speech was directed. Because of this, all dramatic illusion was lost, and there is little left of a play when

illusions are ruined. This is a fundamental matter, consequently, in the discussion of broadcasting the plays of Shakespeare.

Without taking time to point out specific cases, I shall simply state that in too many instances it was necessary for the narrator to set the scene. Because of the brevity of the scenes and the ambiguity of different things without the assistance of explanation, some of the action was retarded too much; and the plays, of necessity, moved more slowly than a good play should move. The brevity of some of Shakespeare's scenes makes his plays difficult to present on the modern stage because of the limited technical facilities, and this same difficulty arises on radio, since narration is needed to describe the rapidity of the changes. If the plays had been written especially for radio, the situation would have been different, because the necessary information would have been in the opening speeches. Since, how-

ever, the plays were not written for this new medium and since the lines cannot be changed to include essential description, an obstacle is immediately placed in the path of broadcasting the plays.

Modern plays are, as a rule, written in three acts without innumerable change of setting, and they lend themselves to broadcasting more easily because of this fact. Shakespeare, on the other hand, changed scenes at will and many times too quickly and too often for the play's own good; but he was not handicapped, or aided, by the use of elaborate scenery that is a part of the modern theater. A good play, I feel, does not need the assistance of verbose narration; but there is no alternative in bringing Shakespeare to radio, for his plays have little coherency on the radio without a great many interpolations. And the consequent shattering of dramatic illusion is one of my fundamental objections to broadcasting his plays.

Loss of the Eye

Another important matter in the consideration of the radio possibilities of Shakespeare's plays, is how the loss of sight affects the listeners. Without television, radio must depend upon the ear of the listeners, and the plays must be designed to be clear and understandable without the aid of the sight. This factor makes important something which is merely incidental on the stage or screen. The different voices of the actors must be carefully identified, if the auditor is to understand the drama; and the names of the various players must be mentioned repeatedly for the sake of enlightening the audience. Shakespeare never indulged in an extensive use of proper names, and this makes the loss of the eye a barrier to the radio performance of his plays, because his characters frequently address other characters without the formality of giving the name of the person. Again, this defect was prominent in *Lear*, as the narrator was compelled to insert remarks when two people were addressed by the same character in



Stoumen

SHAKESPEARE Would He Approve?

continued on page twenty

THEY stood around him in stocky, smoky clumps, friendly groups of two and three and four, neatly-dressed men whose lips moved rapidly or else smiled, and whose eyes twinkled. Maybe two hundred in here. All sorts, he mused, banker, engineer, lawyer, salesman.

Mostly young, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. Although a few were more nearly his own age, and a few genuine old-timers . . .

Hello-o-o Jerry! . . . Gee it's great . . . Bill! . . . Been there long? . . . We used to call him Horseface . . . And that time when Fritz and Eddie

The faces changed, blended with a smooth rapidity he found bewildering. He watched them intently. So often he had been on the point of jumping up and crying, "I know you!" and then the face had turned out to be a stranger. Individuals moved from group to group with excited restraint—eagerness modified by the consciousness of maturity. Once in a while one would spot a particularly close pal, someone from 'way back, and would let out a forgetful boyish whoop! and there would be a jostling of everybody in the way until the two were shaking hands—maybe for the first time since graduation.

Congenial, warm with good fellowship and the nearness of old times.

He found himself smiling up at men who passed his chair. Some-

pictures, men who had risen above the general bunch.

He was glad to be here, watching them enjoy themselves, hearing them talk over the days when, and catch up on contemporary news; he was content to—That one behind the table, would that be? No, but it had looked a lot like him . . . He sank

some of them—Somebody would suddenly be standing in front of him and would be pumping his hand and saying, "Gee! It's great to see you again, old man . . ." And he would know he belonged.

He wondered if he had gone out for sports and things, if more men would have known him now.

If I were one of those fellows who gets his picture in the paper, he thought,—then he realized that he was being unnecessarily foolish.

He wondered why it seemed so lonely waiting. After all, these men were all his friends—he could walk up and talk to any one of them if he liked. They had all gone to his University, lived the same sort of undergraduate life, dreamed the same dreams, done the same work, slept in the same classes . . .

The same old University . . . Done a lot to it since we were here, eh, Mac? . . . Just as wild a crowd, though, if you ask me, ha, ha, ha! They don't change . . . Five o'clock at the Maennerchor . . . Swell seeing you after so long.

This afternoon at the game he hadn't minded so much, hadn't noticed it because he was just one of the bunch—things are different at a time like that; but now he sort of wished he could be in one of those little groups. Of course that was silly. But he did kinda wish . . . If there was only somebody else like him,



Gowdy

NOVEMBER HOMECOMING

P. E. P. WHITE '38

back into the leather and smiled again at the room in general.

After all, somebody—the law of averages . . . Two heavy-set men, arm in arm, passed him. They smiled down; one of them said "Hello, son," then they had joined the bunch around the piano. He looked after them a bit wistfully . . .

All together, boys! Nineteen hundred and twenty-four, we're the guys that won the war, hoo-ray twenty-four! Twenty-four! TWENTY FOUR!

He found himself tapping the arm of his chair in rhythm with the chant . . . There's Joe! No, not him. He would just sit here and wait 'till somebody came up. It couldn't be long now, the room was full of men and they were from all classes and

alone, that he could go talk to. Suddenly he felt very tired. Not for the first time, he was made aware of his real age. A bell rang in the hall outside; scarcely louder than the uneven marine rumble in the room, but he looked up, glanced at his watch with dull eyes. Time to go. He would stay here no longer.

He didn't belong, that was it. He was an outsider—

Perhaps he shouldn't have come here in the first place. All alumni, this crowd, all interested in themselves and didn't give a whoop about him. And he seemed to be the only student in the room. Maybe he should have stayed out . . . Tired, disillusioned, he took a firmer grip on his books, reached for his dink and elbowed his way out toward the classroom.

thing familiar about every one; all had one thing in common, one great tie—the University. Though of course having friends there helped a lot. Would that fellow, the one over in the corner, would he—Perhaps not. Queer how a school could bring men back year after year just for a few hours together, reliving other days . . .

Well, Johnny! Where've you been the last six years . . . How's Margaret? . . . Sure we'll beat them, if scores mean anything . . . And you should see my son—he's as tall as you are!

Glad that he came. No family himself, so he was interested to hear about other fellows—None of these were his classmates, as far as he had seen; a few familiar faces: some of the professors, a few others he knew from newspaper and alumni bulletin



Stoumen

CHEMISTRY: A Departmental Review

by Bill Dukek, '38
and
Frank Kemmer, '39

ON Saturday, November 20, the long-anticipated annex to the Chemistry building will, with due ceremony, be christened the Harry Maas Ullmann Chemistry Building. To the Alumni, who fostered this addition to the chemistry department and who will be present at the laying of the cornerstone, we present as our contribution a partial Rogue's Gallery of the chem department, those who will there hold sway when the building is complete.

HARRY ULLMANN

Godfather of the structure and responsible for its title, Dr. Ullmann (Johns Hopkins '89) best represents that for which the department stands. Short, white-haired, fiercely energetic, he is easily one of the best known and most influential men on the Lehigh campus.

Mainspring of a department which has few equals and admits it, a rare combination of showman, executive, and politicking scientist, there is in him a symbol of the strength and solidarity of the group he has so carefully handpicked. He has infected his proteges with the conviction that Lehigh is THE place to go for chemistry, that his department is THE best in the School, and has the best faculty and does THE best research, at-

tracts THE finest students and places them into THE best possible positions.

His is an amazingly facile mind. Seated in his temporary office, surrounded by piles of well-thumbed chemistry journals, schedules, and tomorrow's chem lectures, he has no trouble carrying on multiple conversations with his visitors, secretary, or anybody that happens to be around.

He invades lectures and conferences

ULLMANN-

"Politicking Scientist
and
Departmental
Mainspring"

to ramble on about his boys, proves that the chemical engineer is really a cultured creature, gives Dale Carnegieish talks on how to succeed in the world, quotes some choice bits of disjointed prose and poetry, or proves that the world would be a better place if only people let the chemists run things.

JUDSON SMULL

Popularly supposed to be Dr. Babs' stooge in organic lab, Jud Smull is an expert on unsaturated compounds in his own right. Known to every junior for his friendly and downright unprofessional methods, he is never called "Mr. Smull," but simply "Jud".

A Lehigh product of 1906, Jud has been associated with the department ever since, and has sent his offspring to carry on the tradition. Happily married, a typically respectable Bethlehem citizen, he putters about in a little research, a little home-life, and a tranquil existence. He's famous as a "good fellow."

His unconvincing lectures are disturbed by his habit of taking his spectacles off and putting them on continually.



Stoumen

GEORGE BECK

Becky has been linked with Dief for years, but he resembles him only in that he memorized the same fifty quantitative books. He knows his analysis schemes verbatim and is always ready to help the puzzled student. If not that he is pussy-footing about the lab playing truant officer, marking down unoccupied desks in his big black notebook. Most students report analysis results to him; he often accepts what other instructors have rejected. He is the boy scout of the department, helpful and kind to all dumb sophomores.

He has remained a bachelor but perhaps this is because one can't trade a wife in every year as he does his Packard. This year it's green (the Packard). Grey-haired, awkward, drawling farmer-fashion, he's a fixture in every Chem Society meeting.

WARREN EWING

A little hard to approach is Doc Ewing, P. Chem. wizard, whose pointless anecdotes and clammish sense of humor have been part of the tradition in the department. By virtue of his shining pate, he has earned the unflattering title of "Cueball."

His yen for travel can easily be explained by his gad-about career. In 1912 he was manager of a high school in Farrakhabad, India, where he picked up a working knowledge of Hindustani that enables him to roll Farrakhabad right off his tongue. He swears, however, that because of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, he uses no Hindustani in his P. Chem. lectures.

In 1916 he joined the Bustard Expeditionary Force in East Africa as warrant officer. For three months he was in big game country, running a restaurant for an army camp of 10,-

000. But even restaurant-running has its drawbacks, especially in the African veldt, so he returned to the quieter task of teaching a high school in Iowa.

During the war, he practically commuted between the Chemical Warfare Service and University of Chicago where he studied for his Ph. D. degree. Shortly after, he came to Lehigh to be installed as a pillar in the department.

His present research is in phase equilibrium and absorption, and his results appear occasionally in the technical journals.

His lectures are clear but dull; his off-the record mannerisms, rabbit-like; his organic chemistry, weak, and his arithmetic, weaker; but his brain is a storehouse of odd knowledge.

EDWIN THEIS

Doc Theis speaks for himself. Unquestionably one of the busiest men in the department, he is a consultant for several large leather companies, and manages some 23 research fellowships.

He is the man credited with raising the bio-chemistry branch from mediocrity to excellence. An expert on leather and sulfonated oils, his is the wing of the Chandler building that is always piled high with rabbit skins experimentally tanned by his research fellows.

His trip to the Orient, in which he witnessed recent hostilities, was typical of the ground he covers in researching for his numerous indust-

rial backers. Most of the time he is using the airlines, flying from one job to another.

Last year, Dr. Theis broke into print as a material witness in an upstate murder trial, identifying a blood-stained piece of leather and helping to secure the conviction of the defendant. Murder trials are just practice for the more important civil trials involving patents and damage suits in which he is frequently called to testify.

He is much too busy to bother teaching classes. He brings the air of the rough and tough business man into his lectures; snarling throughout, and sends shivers of antagonism down his victim's spines.

C. WELLINGTON SIMMONS

Cynical, convivial, pleasant-humored, Wellington Simmons is a graduate of Queens, where he earned varsity letters playing baseball and basketball.

"If I'm not married, I'd like to know what I'm doing with a couple of kids running around," he ans-

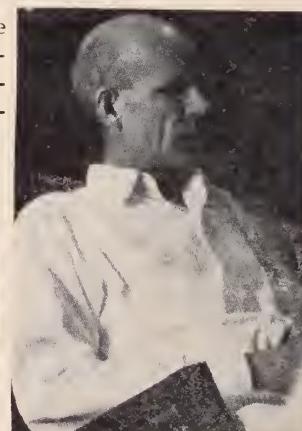


above: BECK

"Plays Truant Officer"

left: SMULL

"Typically Respectable"



above: THEIS

"Practices on Murder Trials"

left: EWING

"Rolls Farrakhabad"

wered a question typically. His lectures are cut and dried, quizzes easy, marks severe.

Professor Simmons' pride and joy is the sophomore comprehensive examination, which he helped to develop. Through long evolution, it is nearly perfect, he believes. It is an example of his ability. Outside of class, he directs fellows in their research.

He is by far the biggest talker in the department. He dangles enough

STOU

brass gadgets on his watch chain to burden an ordinary man, but he's not ordinary. In spite of scathing sarcasm, his amiability makes him a liked and lenient chaperon. Ozzie Osborne, his smaller edition, calls him a "Spanish athlete."—So does everyone else.

THOMAS HAZELHURST

Although Dr. Hazelhurst may be a head taller than Dr. Ullmann he cheerfully admits he is a runt, was the runt of his class in college. He



above: NEVILLE

"Most Polished Gentleman"

left: SIMMONS

"He Dangles Brass Gadgets"

has retained some of his southern drawl, but that doesn't take the sting out of his remarks when he chooses to be caustic, which happens frequently.

In his dialogue with his opponent, he duels behind a condescending stare, and never loses. Perhaps this comes from an early training as an English instructor in college, which position he held when still a student, one of the youngest in school. He still teaches freshmen, but his heart, like the rest of them, is ever in research.

In the lab, Dr. Hazelhurst meanders about, his eyes always intent upon the actions of the student. He walks Chaplinesque, toes out, and forever flashing a motley bow tie. He is married to a former teacher, his intellectual equal. In spare moments he reads Mark Twain or thinks up novel experiments purely for entertainment's sake, his "rolling drops," for instance.

HARVEY NEVILLE

"Now here's a little piece in the *New Yorker* that would probably

interest you." Those typical words expressed in the softly cautious, cultured voice of Dr. Harvey Neville would sound familiar to more than a



above: ANDERSON

"X-Rays on Plants"

left: HAZELHURST

"Walks Chaplinesque"

few chemistry students.

Something of a magician is this individual of dry wit who succeeds in turning an average course of Advanced Chemistry into a three-ring circus of flashing protons, whizzing electrons, and whatnot. The sex-life of a proton might easily be the subject of one of his lectures, a discourse as technically illuminating as it is generally satisfying.

Dr. Neville holds the distinction of being the most polished gentleman of the new school in the department. He practices his own ideas about modern education picked up in his years at Illinois and Princeton.

Perhaps the most novel of his theories of modern teaching is embodied in his definition of a "true gentleman." "A man," says he, "in order to be a true gentleman must know his liquor and be able to hold it." He has a secret yen to teach a course in the appreciation of wines and other alcoholic beverages. He maintains that every educated young man should be able to distinguish bourbon from claret, absinthe from bacardi, sherry from tokay. In any event, however, he refuses to guarantee a lab course.

In the classroom he has that very common habit of doodling. To illustrate, he doodles with stray bits of chalk, he doodles with odd, but nice-sounding words, with snatches of poetry. In his homely garden, free from classroom responsibilities and problems, he probably carols softly the molecular weights of the important elements to the earthworms as he turns them over with his Princeton finesse.



HAROLD ANDERSON

For no particular reason, Harold Anderson is always in a hurry. Most often

he is seen beaming, blinking, or skidding along with papers in his hands, always shabbily dressed. He's a Janus—sometimes beaming like an expectant father—sometimes puckering his brow in a worried, bloodhound look.

X-rays are his philosopher's stone, his work, play, study. On his farm, not far from Lehigh, he putters at his hobby, gardening. Not even this escapes the x-rays; he plans experimenting with them on plants.

His words are carefully selected, studded with er's and ah's while he thumbs through his mind for the next thought. His lectures, business-like, matter-of-fact, put some to sleep, but he tolerates dozers.

"Andy," a University of Wisconsin graduate, is spokesman extraordinaire for the Student Chemical Foundation, over whose success he gloats. He prefers the lecture hall to industry, in which he worked until lured to the faculty by a Lehigh man. Enjoying student association, he will be teaching at a ripe old age, if the x-rays don't get him.

ALPHA ALBERT DIEFENDERFER

A. A. "A Squared" Diefenderfer's best pose is blowing into a wash bottle; he becomes transformed into a living reproduction of the South Wind usually found puffing down in the corner of an old atlas.

Suspicious, uncertain as the weather, like a balloon ready to burst, he stomps back and forth in his domain, roaring at unsuspecting students.

continued on following page

ents in the lab, racing like a mad freight train through lectures in the class rooms. His words, spluttering and splashing, come from notes yellow with age. Last year he destroyed age-old precedent by introducing a textbook into the course. He lectures vigorously, works up a sweat; his bald pate looks slippery, his blackboard scribblings, Yiddish.

Dief's lab clothes are grimy, smelly; he likes high shoes. With a brief case he looks ordinary on the street, says "hello" readily. Amiable at student meetings, he has no class pets, likes to be helpful in spite of himself. Dief's system of marking is almost legendary. But there are so many tales about him, each one growing like a rolling snowball.

VAHAN BABASINIAN

Practically unknown outside of his own department, mild-mannered Pro-

en instance during the World War when he served in the Chemical Warfare Service.

A confirmed bachelor, Babs lives quietly and inconspicuously on Packer Avenue, cooks his own meals, and walks to his work every morning, a familiar figure to early arrivals. Summers he spends in California, visiting his relatives, hiking in the Sierras, reading in the University of California library.

He has that rare gift of being a true lover of science. He devotes his time to pure research. His papers and lectures are faultlessly clear and thorough. He is regarded everywhere as an expert consultant in matters chemically organic.

Despite his morbid interest in toxic gases, drugs and poisons, he is a student of letters, a lover of the arts and sciences, a beloved teacher who



Alumni Bulletin

BABASINIAN

"Has Morbid Interests"

chemical development in the Lehigh Valley. To demonstrate his interest in this, he wrote a text on the history of chemistry.

Pleasant, young, he meanders about the lab patiently explaining the ins and outs of chemistry to the freshmen. He should. He is one of the co-authors of their lab manual. The University thinks enough of his explaining and his personality to keep sending him on good-will lectures to secondary schools, armed with a tank of liquid air.

Good-looking, married, Billy has become too good-natured, brings work on himself. He doesn't think he's too old to pal with the students. He's not. He and his wife are in demand as chaperones—that's the best recommendation any prof. can have.

HENRY . . .

The gallery would be incomplete without the mention of Henry Heutig, whose fifty years of all-around service and coffee delivery at chem meetings has earned him a well-deserved place in the roll of the department.



BILLINGER

"Super Personality"

fessor Babs has been beloved for his thirty years at Lehigh as the kindest, most courteous and generous teacher in the university.

Born in Armenia, he attended Anatolia College in Turkey where he received his A. B. degree in language and literature in 1895 at the age of 19. In 1905 his college and homeland were wiped out in the infamous Turkish massacre.

After teaching school in Smyrna for a while, he sailed to this country with a group of young men eager to gain an American education. After three years at Brown, he came to Lehigh as an instructor in 1906, where he has been ever since, except for



DIEFENDERFER

"A Living South Wind"

seems to personify the human touch in teaching.

ROBERT BILLINGER

Billy Billinger went into industry when he graduated from the class of '21, but he returned to take a faculty position; he enjoys being at Lehigh to knock around with the students. Mild-mannered, fair-minded, Billy seems to be one of the favorites of the stockroom crew and janitors; it takes a super-personality to break down this bunch of stand-offish workers.

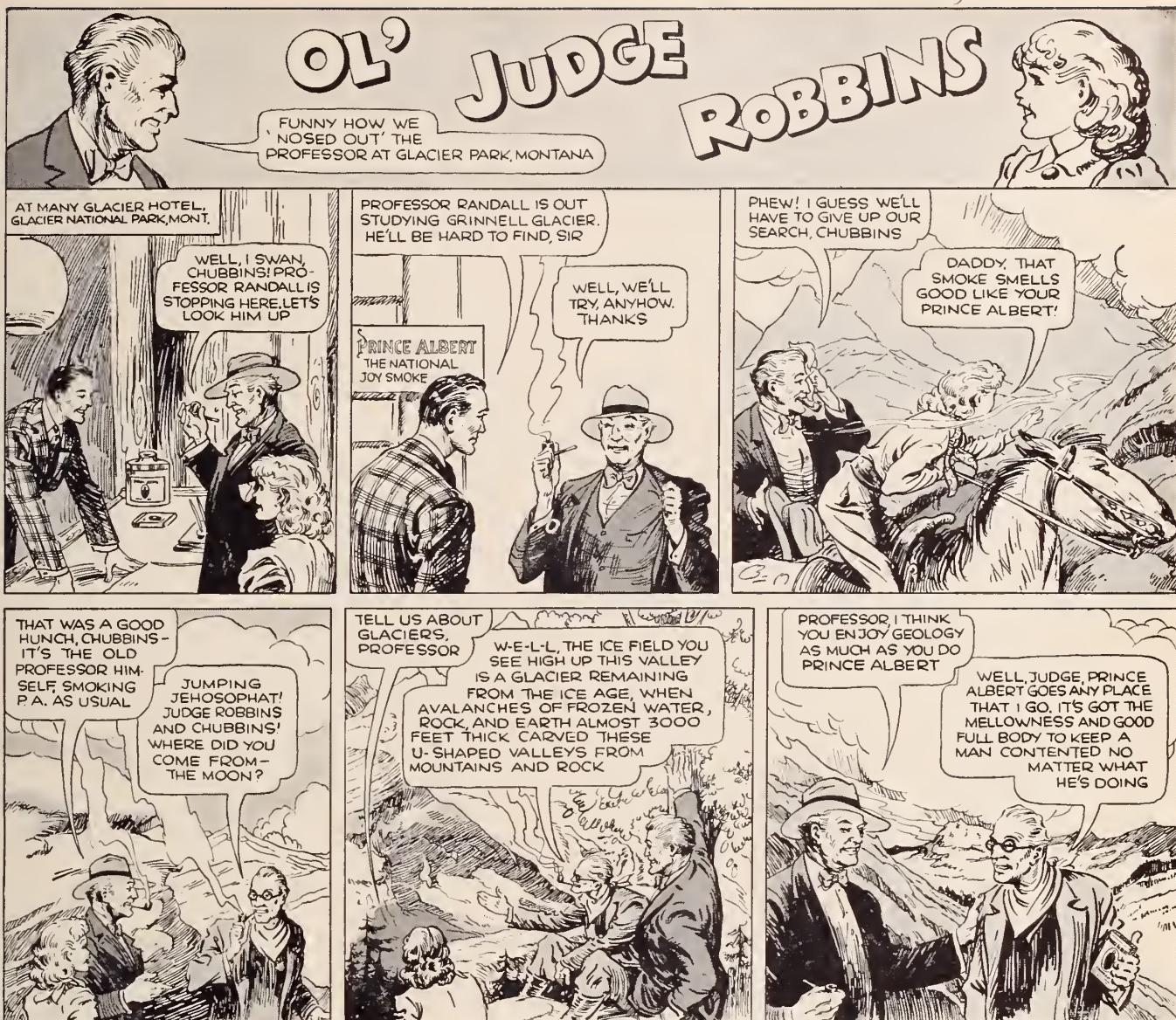
His biggest hobby has been looking up the history of metallurgical and

HENRY

"Coffee Deliverer"



Alumni Bulletin



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Nobody There Saw Kelly

continued from page seven

pull a boner. We chortled with glee, and ripped into the unfortunate youth like a bunch of old maids into a scandal about the local minister. Coaches were not immune from attack either. Since every last one of us was sitting on the bench because of the mistaken judgment of the coach, we allowed ourselves the plea-



"Damn Woman — Too Lazy to Light Your Own Pipe . . ."

sure of tearing him apart verbally too. To mention the nouns used to blaspheme the coaching staff would hardly be polite, but some of them were juicy.

There were rules of conduct among the scrubs. If a scrub guard was describing his rivals and telling of his own worth it was the thing to do to agree with him. In return he had to agree that you were the best tackle or center or back on the squad, and that only the wildest kind of partiality was keeping you on the bench. Although nothing material was gained from this mutual exchange of satisfying backbiting, the psychic up-lift cannot be expressed. Then too when your conferee was in a scrimmage it was up to you to cheer him lustily whenever he did anything commendable. Reciprocally it was his duty to fill the air with your praises when you made your presence in a melee felt by a tackle or a block.

Of course I entered into this psychological horseplay as well as I could, but I never forgot that I was literally head and shoulders above all the boys, that I was being raped by the coach, and that my name was Kelly.

I had always sworn that I would never stay out for a team on which I didn't play. But I did. I had become too used to the smell of liniment, the good-natured horseplay of the locker rooms, the crisp, clean air of the field and the tingling warmth

of the showers. Besides, I had high hopes that the coach would wise up, and I felt that I owed the continuance of my doughty gridiron deeds, even if only in the servile scrub capacity, to the school. God knows, Lehigh needs me now!

And so I developed a suitable defense mechanism. I joked about being a sub, I joked about sitting on the bench, I joked about everything. I became, to quote the coach, "the locker-room jackass."

But I guess the joke is on him. No one knows it, but I've been going over to Steel field Sunday afternoon, and lifting long punts which I run after and catch as they come down. Nobody there has yet seen Kelly—but oh, the lucky people; think what they have in store for them. Just come back to school next year and read the papers.



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Shakespeare Gets an Airing

continued from page eleven

a single speech. In *Twelfth Night*, the same obstacle confronted the adapter but it was skillfully overcome by inserting a prologue in which all the leading characters had an opportunity to say something and give the audience an idea of their manner of speaking. It was truly a stroke of genius, for everything was made understandable by using Shakespeare's own lines in a very subtle fashion. It is far better to rearrange some of the dialogue than to add explanatory material to the text; but I am afraid that such ingenious prologues cannot be composed in many cases.

The loss of sight, especially in connection with Shakespearean plays, is significant also, because of its effect upon some of the poignantly tragic scenes of the dramas. The tragic dénouement of *Hamlet*, for example, is far more powerful on the stage than it can possibly be on the radio, since to see the characters die is far more moving emotionally than merely to hear their spoken lines on the act of dying. The ghost is far more effective, too, on the stage, I believe, although radio vividly created an eerie atmosphere; but I may be influenced in this opinion by the poor interpretation of the one who portrayed the spectre. Caesar's assassination was brilliantly done, but it is more poignant when actually witnessed. Some of the plays, on the other hand, notably the comedies, did not need the assistance of the eyes. For comedy is almost as hilarious on the radio as on the stage or the screen, except for the loss of the actors' antics and facial movements. In all fairness to the cycle, it must be said that any play, whether by Maxwell Anderson or Shakespeare, suffers to some extent from the loss of the sight; but this remains an important item in the analysis of the subject, since it chiefly concerns the most famous of his works, the tragedies.

Sound Effects

Yet, despite the contrary impression that may have been given up to this point, the radio gave the plays some things that the legitimate theatre cannot equal or even approach. The subtle use of sound effects in all of the plays added a great deal to their dramatic effectiveness. The shipwreck

continued on following page

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in *Twelfth Night* was superb, and it was distinctly advantageous to the action of the drama. The scene could not have been done on the stage in



" — So you flunked Shakespeare 123, too?"

such a convincing fashion, if at all, and it was not overdrawn or overdone as many lavish movie spectacles are. The street and mob scenes of *Julius Caesar* and *Henry IV* were well staged and sufficiently subdued, so that the voice of the sooth-sayer, Hal, and Falstaff were clearly audible. The opening scene of *Lear*, though, was not so cleverly handled, and the words of the leading characters were a blatant jumble of sound because of the tendency of the actors to bellow, instead of to speak, the lines. The music, which may be classified as sound effects, was splendid, and the selection for the various dramas was very fine. The resourcefulness of the orchestra and its conductor merits the highest commendation for its aid in furnishing atmosphere and descriptive material. The delicate Elizabethan airs used for *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* were apropos and beautifully rendered. On the whole, the use of music and the other sound effects assisted the dramas materially and gave added color and background. They were one means of surmounting obstacles imposed by the loss of the eye.

Soliloquies

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continued from preceding page

knows, the soliloquy is a form of dramatic art that he and his contemporaries resorted to very frequently and utilized, in many cases, to the benefit of the plays. I feel free to credit radio with being the perfect means for the presentation of these solo speeches. On the radio, all the words are clearly heard, and there is no elaborate scenery to detract from the beauty of the verse or other action to distract the audience. The added emphasis upon the soliloquy puts additional burdens upon the actors, for their inflections and nuances are easily noted and must be delivered carefully. The content of these speeches must be of the finest without superfluous verbiage or mere bombast, or else the audience is annoyed and may become bored. Careful use of the shears is essential to good radio performances of the dramas on this account, and an even more careful choice of actors is absolutely necessary. The condensations, as I mentioned before, were well thought out, but the selection of actors was not always of the best. Burgess Meredith, for instance, is still a young man in ascendancy dramatically, and he is still vocally and histrionically immature for the role of Hamlet. Some of the other actors were, because of their lack of radio experience, more convincing to the

studio audience than to the listeners scattered all over the United States. Only people who have had previous radio training should be cast, if a studio audience is present, as only experienced actors can make the plays live without the use of gestures. The soliloquies of the Bard make the presentations of his plays more difficult on radio than on the stage. This forms a huge and almost gigantic impediment to dramatizing Shakespeare's plays for radio.

Appeal of the Plays

The soliloquy, the poetry, the bombast, and the verbosity of the plays—all of these are new to the average radio listener; for he is accustomed to the technique of modern playwrights, which, of course, is different from Shakespeare's. The beauty and imagery of the poetry and the long soliloquies are not fully appreciated by many modern people chiefly because of their unfamiliarity with the forms. Too many people have heard only radio serials, inferior plays, and comedians, and they do not enjoy Shakespeare. His comedies, for instance, are far removed from the laconic repartee of Wilde or the sophisticated dialogue of Coward. Naturally, many of the Elizabethan puns and humorous colloquialisms are lost both to scholars and the general public, and his comedies do not



"... Yea, the alumni gave me to Lehigh as a present—me and the chem wing."

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strike as being overly funny. After all, in this connection, it is doubtful whether the works of Aristophanes were ever so riotous in later days as they were in his own day. Besides, Shakespeare's humor is usually very gentle and thoughtful, and there is little buffoonery. As for the appeal of the tragedies and historical plays, neither type enjoys great popularity with the masses, regardless of who the author may be. The tragedies and historical plays can be truly appreciated only after careful perusal, but only a small minority studies his drama. I know—of course, I speak subjectively—that the plays that held my attention most were *As You Like It*, which was given an excellent performance: *Taming of the Shrew*; and *Henry IV* because of Falstaff; but I prefer *Hamlet* or *Lear* to any of the comedies. I believe it is safe to conclude that Shakespeare on radio, so far as the general public goes, was not very interesting, that his comedies were more entertaining than his more serious and finer works, and that the lighter works are the finer radio material.

Conclusion

Nevertheless, regardless of whether Shakespearean plays appeal to the masses of people, Columbia has rendered a distinct and unique service to radio and to drama on the radio. Some of our finest actors were engaged to interpret the famous parts, and this deserves unstinted commendation. Everybody from the mine worker to the millionaire had an opportunity to hear the works of a dramatist who still has no equal. It was a glorious moment for many people, who have been starved for Shakespeare, to hear his famous plays. It was also a golden opportunity for the general public to educate itself to the finest in drama.

However, it must—and I am compelled to suppress my personal enthusiasm for the project—be said that some of the plays have conclusively proved themselves to be unsuited to radio and its limitations, that some should have pleased even the most skeptical listener, but that, on the whole, the plays did not attract the general public. Notwithstanding, the plays did raise the intellectual level of radio drama, since so much of our modern drama amounts to only tawdry melodrama in comparison with the inspired works of the world's

continued on following page

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continued from preceding page

most celebrated dramatist. And we Shakespearean lovers, although we are undoubtedly a minority, were enthralled and reveled in the experiment. Nonetheless, when I, a lover of drama and a student of Shakespeare, look at the matter honestly and candidly, I cannot condemn the

unappreciative masses, for Shakespeare's plays, are, in my opinion, rapidly becoming only closet dramas or dramas performed solely for the students. But Columbia's experiment was a brilliant one, if not a popular or a completely successful one.

don't waste your good original gags on your house brothers who are too dumb to catch on anyway bring them to the review where art flourishes and the belly laugh is a consummation devoutly to be wished the review is not a college comic and not a lit mag it is unique among college publications it uses the very best of fiction and the most informative of articles it splurges on fantastically expensive photo layouts it is a review of lehigh life literally a lehigh review right now it needs men to write humor gag lines for cartoons humorous articles short comedy comic crap for fillers phone 2053 phone 2053 phone 2053 p



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Q-u-i-t

Young Melvin was working a crossword puzzle.

"Oh, ma!"

"Yes, Melvin?"

"What's something that's found in the bottom of a bird-cage in four letters, ending with 't'?"

"Grit, dear."

"Thanks . . . Oh, Ma!"

"What is it, Melvin?"

"Got an eraser?"

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Disc Data

continued from page five

least able to prepare powerful, though ornate, versions of swing numbers with liberal breaks by some superb clarinetist and pianist. But, no more.

BENNY GOODMAN (Victor) *Minnie The Moocher's Weddin' Day*; *Bob White*; *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* and *Sugarfoot Stomp*; (Quartette) *Liza and Smiles*. Probably the most popular record of the period will be a colossal *Bob White*, despite vocals by Martha Tilton who is continuing the long line of singers begun with Helen Ward and getting continually poorer. Anyway, *Bob White* is Goodman at his very best. Lots of power and drive, though Harry James might well take it a little easier with his bursting trumpet. But get his backing of the vocal!

LIONEL HAMPTON (Victor) *I Surrender Dear*, and *Piano Stomp*; *After You've Gone* and *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*; *Confessin'* and *Drum Stomp*; *Judy* and *The Object Of My Affections*; *I Just Couldn't Take It Baby* and *Everybody Loves My Baby*. This spectacular and versatile Goodmanite shows off on drums, piano (he uses only one finger



of each hand to get amazing speeds), his original vibraphone and takes the vocals, to boot. With the notable exception of Stuff Smith's drummer, Cosey Cole, the hand is made of almost exclusively of others of Goodman's orchestra. Nonetheless, these first rate musicians suffer from obviously hurried transcriptions. This sloppiness plus the impossible vocals of Hampton and the poor job he does at the traps is a far cry from his first few releases. More objections for his taking songs like *Shine* and *Crazy Rhythm* and calling them *Piano Stomp* and *Drum Stomp*, not the first time that this has happened, either. Why, oh! why, Mr. Hampton?

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Getting Some Fun Out Of Life and Everything You Said Came True; Jazz Me Blues and I Ain't Got Nobody; (Decca) Up the Country and Shake That Thing. Much neglected, it seems, is the one handed trumpeter and hot vocalist par excellence. The Decca cutting is a curio from ages ago; but the other two are good examples of a loose, jam band with a unique, arresting style.

ANDY KIRK (Decca) *Why Can't We Do It Again and With Love In My Heart.* This fine band seems to find it more profitable to emphasize "pop" ballads and Pha Terrell's smooth voice rather than their former instrumental gems and pianist Mary Lou Williams. Still looking for another "Until The Real Thing Comes Along," I guess. OZZIE NELSON (Bluebird) *If It's The Last Thing I Do and Miles Apart.* Rutger's contribution to posterity waxes some more good dance tunes.

BING CROSBY (Decca) *Can I Forget You and The Folks Who Live On The Hill.* The usual thing of Bing's, which is all right I guess. BUNNY BERIGAN (Victor) *I Want A New Romance and I'd Love To Play A Love Scene; Strange Loneliness and Miles Apart.* Gail Reese and Bunny give out in fine style with mediocre songs.



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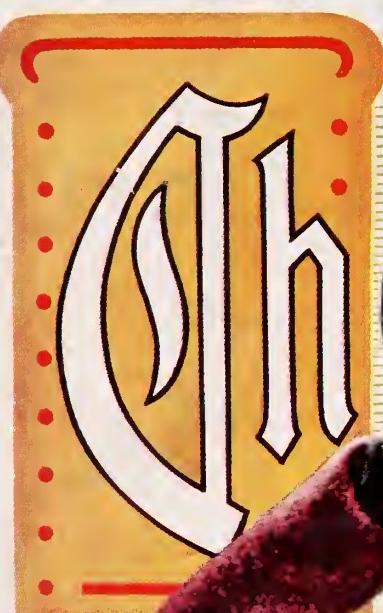
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